

The Death Of Life

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Summary: The twisted life of Spartan109, Alex, comes to a head as everything in his world is stripped away. It is all or nothing.

Oneshot. Rated T for violence. PLEASE REVIEW!

1. Chapter 1

Linda let out a small gasp. Alex opened his mouth to scream, but no sound came out. A single shell hit the floor with a deafening _tink. _He couldn't see anything but her face as she gasped. He could hear nothing but the casing as it hit the floor. Linda coughed; blood trickled out of the corner of her mouth. And she fell.

The boy whimpered in disbelief. Her body hit the floor with a dull thump, and the world came back in a roar. -Linda bleeding on the floor- -Himself, torn and bleeding on his knees-

-Fred smiling as he stood over the woman he had just shot in the heart-

Fred threw the weapon away into the darkness. Wind whipped and lashed at his coat, ripping it from his beaten form. The twisted smile broke as Fred chuckled, then laughed as rain beat down.

He turned, unconcerned by Alex's broken body, and started to walk off.

Alex tore his eyes from Linda, and glared at the receding boy. Fred had beaten him. His left leg and nose were broken. His right shoulder was dislocated. Most of his teeth lay somewhere on the ground, covered in blood.

But as the white rage consumed Alex, he didn't feel it. He pushed himself up. Fred looked back over his shoulder, and froze. Alex tore towards his enemy, screaming in unleashed fury. Lighting flashed, illuminating the deserted parking lot with a brilliant white light. Fred whipped around, straining to see for a split second, until it

blinked away. He saw Alex's fist as it crashed into his mouth.

Fred's head snapped back, teeth flying. He stumbled backwards and brought a hand up to feel the damage. Spitting out runny blood, he looked up in shock at his enemy. Alex steadily stomped forward, eyes burning with raw hate.

Spartan-104 snapped a roundhouse kick â€"blocked- brought his foot around in a crescent kick â€"slapped aside- and wrenched it back while slamming Alex in the chest with a heel-palm strike all in about one second. Alex fell on his back, but flipped up immediately, not deterred in the least. He stepped forward closer to Fred while slamming his elbow towards the other boy's side and aiming a punch to his solar plexus with his left fist. Fred successfully blocked both and launched his own deadly flurry of punches and kicks. All were blocked or, if they got through, ignored by an angry enemy. Fred began to panic as combo after combo was stopped with what seemed like ease. He got slower as he took more and more hits, while Alex grew faster and faster. It went on like this for thirty eight seconds.

Fred at last collapsed as Alex brutally twisted him around while breaking his arm and punched the back of his neck. He fell and crashed to the pavement, blood seeping from everywhere, his arm resting at an askew angle. Alex almost collapsed as his enemy finally crumbled. Tidal waves of pain smashed into him, his wrecked body crying out from abuse. Off in the distance, police sirens could be heard getting closer and closer.

Alex glanced uncomprehendingly towards the sound, and slowly limped over to where

Fred had thrown the pistol. He almost fainted as he stooped down to pick up the Magnum.

Fred had managed to roll onto his back, but he was barely conscious. Alex stumbled over to gaze unpityingly down at him. Fred tried in vain to beg for mercy, as all that came out was a gurgling noise. Alex brought the pistol up.

"Demon." he whispered as he glared at the man who had murdered his love. Then, without blinking, he shot the killer through the head. Alex choked as tears ran down his face. He fired another shot. He then blasted the rest of the clip into the dead body.

Alexander dropped the pistol on top of the mass of tissue, and circled around to Linda. He knelt down beside her, and hugged her close to him, weeping in the darkness.

Suddenly, a line of police cars careened into the parking lot, slamming to a stop in front of the Spartan. Police officers spilled out of the vehicles, weapons trained on him. Alex didn't move a muscle as one screamed at him to lie flat on the ground. He just sat there cradling what his whole life had been about in his arms. As they cautiously stepped forward, he snapped Linda's dog tags from the necklace around her neck. They began to lift him away from her when she coughed and weakly opened her eyes.

Alex's heart screamed as they tried to wrestle him away. He screamed

out her name, fighting the officers. They piled onto him, dragging him down. He yelled that he was a spartan as he threw two off his back. The officers hesitated, unsure about what to do as Alex rushed to her side once more.

She smiled feebly, and turned her head towards him. Her eyes were out of focus, as if she were gazing at something far off. She spoke in a soft whisper.

"Alex?" Alex swallowed hard, and nodded. "Don't leave me Alex." Linda gasped out, fighting for life. Spartan-109 clasped her hand in both of his, and kissed it softly.

"I will never leave you." He whispered.

But he knew that that was a promise he could not keep.

Alexander Grey wept bitterly as Linda slipped into death. He never saw her again.

**End. **

**Review if you have a heart. Unanimous reviews enabled. **

2. Chapter 2

***She's coming back, sir." **

***Good." **

***Should we inform Section III, sir?" **

***No, I will do that myself."**

***You are telling them, aren't you sir?"**

***What-"**

***Of course I am."**

**Ackerson smiled at the invaluable doctor that no-one knew existed. His look was anything but comforting. **

***Of course. Sir." **

**Three months of intensive care and reconditioning restored Linda to peak health. She was declared dead, and shipped off to do dirty work for certain members of ONI section III. The doctor was found dead in a gutter two days later, the police did not initiate a follow-up investigation. **

End
file.